Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLI. No. 14 MONTREAL, APRIL 13, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wm Bromscombe 23 Oct 06

'He is Not Here—He is Risen.'

At sunset on the day when Jesus was crucified a rich man named Joseph of Arimathaea, who had begged Pilate to give him the body of Jesus, came with a friend, Nicodemus, and took it down from the cross. They laid the precious body in a white linen sheet and strewed spices upon it, and carried it away into a garden. And here they buried it in a cave, and rolled a great white stone before the door of the cave, while some women who loved Jesus watched them and saw where He was laid.

As soon as it was known where they had buried Jesus, Pilate sent soldiers to guard the tomb, lest the disciples should come and take Him away.

But at night, as the soldiers were watching, suddenly the earth shook, and the great white stone rolled away from the tomb, and an angel was before them, seated upon the stone. And seeing this, the soldiers were frightened, and rushed headlong away.

At daybreak the women came back to the garden. One of them was Mary Magdalene, to whom Jesus had been very kind, and she said, 'Oh, if we can only roll away the stone and put more sweet spices upon our dear Lord's body!'

But when she saw that the grave was already open, she ran off to tell the disciples, crying bitterly,—

'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.'

But the other women stayed behind, looking all around for Jesus.

'Fear not,' said the sweet voice of the angel. 'He is not here; He is risen. Go quickly and tell the disciples.'

So they too hastened from the garden.

When Mary came again, bringing with her Peter and John, and the disciples saw the empty grave, and the linen sheet lying on the ground, they were so astonished and cast down that they went away without saying a word.

And now Mary was quite alone and weeping bitterly.

'Why weepest thou?' said the angel.

'Because they have taken away my Lord,' sobbed poor Mary.

'Woman, why weepest thou?' said another voice.

Thinking perhaps it was only one of the gardeners speaking, Mary, without lifting her head to see, said,—

'Oh, if you have carried Him hence, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away.'

Then the voice said, oh, so softly and sweetly, 'Mary.'

And, looking up, she saw Jesus! But so radiant was this risen Lord, so unlike that sorrowful Man who had suffered upon the cross, that Mary could not look upon His face; so she fell down before Him and clasped her hands lovingly about His feet, and whispered, 'Master!'

'Cling not to Me,' said Jesus, 'but go unto My brethren, and tell them I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God.'

So Mary rose up and went and found the disciples and said, joyously 'I have seen the Lord.'

'LOOKING UP, SHE SAW JESUS.'

Easter Tide.

Buds upon the bushes, leaves upon the trees,
Daisies on the hillside, perfume on the breeze;
Happy voices singing; tuneful bells achime;
Glad eyes looking upward—this is Easter time!

Little brooks rejoicing, sparkling in the light;
Birds with wings aflutter in the sunshine bright;
Up with heavenly ladder, hopes, like angels, climb;
Pearly gates are open—this is Easter time!

In the quiet churchyard early flowers appear;
Unseen joys and glories now are real and dear;
Hearts in Jesus trusting, throb with faith sublime,
Life and resurrection! This is Easter time!

—Eliza Edmunds Hewitt.

An Easter Song of Hope.

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up hour heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!

O, when the strife of tongues is loud,
And the heart of hope beats low,
When the prophets prophesy of ill,
And the mourners come and go,
In this sure thought let us abide,
And keep and stay our heart:
That Calvary and Easter day,
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day,
Were but one day apart!

—Susan Coolidge.

The Date of Easter.

The annual changing of the date of Easter is a puzzle to many. In 1894 it was on March 25, in 1905 on April 23, and this year it is on April 15. Some years it may be as early as March 21, and in others as late as April 25, a period of five weeks intervening between the earliest and latest dates on which the sacred festival may be held. Easter is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, and if the full moon falls on Sunday, March 21, Easter will fall on the following Sunday, March 28. It is arbitrarily ruled that the paschal full moon shall never fall later than April 18, although a consistent method of scientific computation and instrumental determination would make it sometimes fall on April 19.

The name Easter, like the names of the days of the week, is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology. It is derived from Eostre, or Ostara, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, in whose honor the ancients held a festival every April. Seven movable feasts depend on Easter for the date of their annual recurrence. They are Septuagesima Sunday, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, and Good Friday, which precede it, and Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and Trinity Sunday, which follow it.—Selected.

Easter Memories of the Holy City.

(By Miss Mary Brownson, in the 'Presbytrian Banner.')

The great object of desire to a traveller in the Holy Land is the sight of Jerusalem. Nor is it wonderful that this is so. For much of marvellous interest clusters about it in the history of God's chosen people throughout the Old Testament times; in it much of the work and teaching of our Lord was done; and all the tremendous events of the death and resurrection centred here. In spite of much that is disenchanting to one who walks the streets, in spite of the doubt which hangs over nearly every sacred site, the Christian heart still feels it to be 'The city of our God'—the place especially appointed by Him for the making of His glory unto the ends of the earth. One comes here into a new sympathy with the ardent love felt by the Jew for his city, and the words of the psalmist echo in his ears:

'Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth,
Is Mount Zion.
The city of the great King.
God hath made Himself known in her palaces for a refuge.

* * * *

Walk about Zion and go round about her;
Number ye the towers thereof;
Mark ye well her bulwarks;
Consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following,
For this God is our God forever and ever;
He will be our guide even unto death.'

The lofty situation of Jerusalem is what perhaps first and most vividly impresses a visitor. The city lies on a plateau of limestone about twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean; but the deep valleys of Hinnom and the Kidron, by which it is surrounded, very much increase its apparent height. Standing below and viewing the precipitous ascent crowned by the city walls thirty-eight feet high, one realizes what a stronghold it must have been in ancient times. One sees why the Hebrews always spoke of going 'up' to Jerusalem. That expression was appropriate, no matter from what direction the traveller came.

On the north side the ground falls away more gradually. It was in this direction that the city grew in its times of prosperity, extending far beyond the limits of the ancient walls. The new portion of the city now is spread over these northern slopes; and it surprises one to see what a large area is covered by new and handsome houses, and how much building is going on at the present time. But the natural avenue of growth was also the weak point in seasons of danger. For every foe attacked Jerusalem from the north; every victorious army entered from that side. At the time of the Roman conquest Titus encamped with his forces before the northern wall, one legion—the Tenth—occupying the Mount of Olives.

It is a very attractive picture which is presented to the eye as one views the city from the suburbs. And its appearance must have been much more beautiful in the time of our Lord, under the fostering care of Herod, as it was also in the far earlier days of Solomon.

The finest view of Jerusalem is obtained from the eastern hills. To reach this point of view one may ride or walk about the walls, or passing out Saint Stephen's Gate descend at once into the valley of the Kidron.

Here one usually sees a number of the lepers who frequent this road, pressing closely upon passersby and begging for help. There are about a hundred lepers in Jerusalem. The Turkish government maintains a hospital for them, but they will not remain in it, preferring to gain a livelihood by begging. No description of the horrors of leprosy quite prepares one for the sight of these deformed, hideously distorted bodies. I think the marvel of the love of our Lord for poor diseased humanity burst upon me in a new light, as I felt myself shrinking with an intense repulsion from one of these lepers, in a very agony of fear that he would touch me. It was with a reverent wonder that I opened the Gospel according to Mark that night to read these words:

'And there came a leper to Him, beseeching Him and kneeling down to Him and saying to Him, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean."

'And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand and touched him, "I will; be thou clean."'

Crossing the bed of the Kidron and climbing the Mount of Olives by means of the narrow, winding, stony road leading to the summit one reaches the little chapel of the Ascension, from whose roof he can see the city spread out before him as our Lord must oftenest have seen it. The Temple area is fully exposed to view, the great Mosque of Omar rising in the midst of the court, over the Rock of Sacrifice upon which Abraham stood years ago ready to offer up his beloved son if this were God's will for him. In the eastern wall is the massive Golden Gate, long ago walled up by the Moslems. There is an Arab tradition that at some future time, on a Friday, a Christian conqueror will enter here and take Jerusalem for his own.

Many Christians believe that it is waiting for the opening touch of the Lord Himself at His second coming. Back of the Temple area may be seen in the German Lutheran church dedicated in 1898 on the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to Palestine, the dome of the Church of the Sepulchre and many minarets and towers. The sunlight floods the whole scene with a radiance which seems to the imagination to be a glory indescribable.

Turning from the city one surveys the Mount itself, green with olive and fig trees and with here and there an apricot or hawthorn. Kafr-et-Tur, a poor little village, lies almost at one's feet. East of the village is a large Russian church and nearby a great six-storied tower from which a magnificent view may be obtained. At the foot of the purple-clad mountains which bound the eastern horizon are the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea, seemingly so near to us that it is only with an effort one remembers that it is nearly four thousand feet below his own level and many hours away. Running north from it is the green line of the Jordan valley.

Winding about the nearer slopes lies the white ribbon of the Bethany road, the village itself being concealed by the hills. Not far from it is the narrow, uneven pathway which is believed to have been the road in the time of our Lord. Over that way Jesus and his disciples passed many times on their journeys between the quiet home of His friends

(See following Page).

LOYAL CANADIANS

Are Going to Wear a Maple Leaf on Dominion Day Next.

It is fitting that in these days of growth and prosperity we do more than we have been in the habit of doing by way of celebrating our great national holiday. Dominion Day is a great day because it commemorates the confederation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the laying of the plans for the larger nation that now is—and the larger still that soon will be.

It is the more necessary that we cultivate a pride in our great Dominion that we may the more speedily infuse the great hordes that are coming to our fair land with a like pride. Many of them speak a strange tongue and have stranger ideas, but they can see a flag, and they can see a maple leaf, and these will tell them of the love and pride that we have for our country, and they soon will hoist the Canadian Flag and wear the Canadian Emblem with a like enthusiasm.

With this in view we have ordered a large supply of very beautifully colored maple leaf brooches and stick or cravat pins, in hard enamel and inlaid. See announcement on [illegible] page. The latter part of the announcement will greatly interest scholars of day and Sunday Schools.

and the City of the Great King. Over it He passed on the day of His triumphal entry, while the hosannas of the multitude filled the air. And somewhere on that road He paused as the first glimpse of the city came to Him, to weep over the blindness of the inhabitants, from whose eyes were hid 'the things which belong unto peace.'

Near the base of the Mount in the Kidron valley, is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is no doubt much smaller now than when it was the favorite retreat of Jesus and His disciples; but it seems reasonably sure that it covers a part of the sacred locality. It is now a closely walled enclosure about seventy paces square, the property of Franciscan monks. Its central portion is bright with flowers which grow about the roots of eight very ancient olive trees. It is not necessary to believe that these trees are two thousand years old. They stand probably in almost the places occupied by their predecessors, and they perpetuate the memories of that holy spot where the final agonies of our Saviour began 'for us men and our salvation.'

Retracing his steps from this point the traveller may enter Jerusalem by Saint Stephen's gate, to come at once upon the scenes of the last hours of the Son of man. For the street upon which the Gate opens is the Via Dolorosa.

On the left hand side just inside the wall are the Turkish barracks, occupying the site of the Castle of Antonia and the Praetorium of Herod, where our Saviour's trial was held. On the other side of the narrow 'way of grief' are the church and convent of Ecce Homo, also upon part of the palace ground. An old Roman arch spans the street here and is built into the convent wall. Possibly on this very spot the Lord was brought out by Pilate, thorn-crowned, reed-sceptred, while the Governor said to the multitude: 'Behold the Man!'

Down under the church remains of an ancient Roman pavement have been lately discovered upon which diagrams for the playing of games had been roughly scratched. It may be that here the soldiers whiled away their leisure hours, and that here they led Jesus after the trial that they might mock and torment Him.

From this point the Via Dolorosa runs westward to the Holy Sepulchre, a narrow, winding way with overhanging arches at short intervals.

The Catholic Church counts fourteen stations of the cross here, marred by tablets set in the wall. Two only of the incidents commemorated are mentioned in the Scriptures; they are the transfer of the cross to Simon of Cyrene at the city gate and the meeting with the women of Jerusalem.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands on the site of the original building erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine in 336 A.D., and covers the traditional place of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which Jesus was buried. By means of later additions it has been made to cover most of the traditional sites connected with the crucifixion. The vast central chamber of the building is called the rotunda of the Sepulchre. Its walls are lined with chapels belonging to the five sects of Christians who hold the church in common —the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians. The Sepulchre stands in the centre of the rotunda; it is really a chapel, twenty-seven feet long and seventeen feet wide, facing the east. Its front is covered with pictures, immense colored candles and swinging oil lamps. Through the door one enters a little vestibule called the Angel's Chapel, and stoops to pass through a very low opening at the back, into the tiny vault of the tomb, only six feet square. Here twenty-four beautiful and costly lamps hang over the tombstone, a marble slab used as an altar.

So intensely jealous of each other are the sects of Christians who own the church and worship here that the government cannot allow the keys to be kept by any one denomination. The office of custodian is hereditary in a Moslem family, some members of which are always in attendance near the door, regaling themselves during the long hours of waiting, with coffee and tobacco.

Turkish soldiers are also on guard for the purpose of keeping order among the worshippers, and on Sundays and feast days, when the danger of tumult is greatest, the force is largely increased. Upon an enlightened follower of the Lord Jesus the discovery of this state of affairs produces a profound and most painful impression. The bitter hatred felt by each sect for those who should be their fellow citizens in the heavenly kingdom, the continual striving of each to gain a point of vantage over every other one naturally wins for all who bear the name of Christ the contempt of Mohammedans, and dishonors the Master in the house of His friends. One remembers here, almost with a rush of tears, the intensity of the Lord's intercessory prayer —'that they may all be one; that the world may believe that thou didst send me.'

But the weight of opinion in modern days is against the traditional site of the crucifixion, and we realize this with a great throb of relief, as we see its desecration. The careful studies of learned archaeologists seem to make it extremely probable if not almost certain that the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was within the city walls at the time of Jesus' death. It could not then have been the scene of the event; for we know that Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people through His own blood, suffered without the gate.

There is a little hill to the north of the city, opposite the Damascus Gate, and back about five hundred feet from it, toward which the eyes of Christians turn with keen interest in these later days. It fulfils so many of the requirements of the Scripture narrative that a widespread belief has arisen that this is the true Calvary. It is just beside the great northern highway, and the ground slopes away from it so gently on the north and east that a great crowd could have assembled near it in days when the land was not closely built upon. The hill is the only prominent elevation in the neighborhood, and it is high enough to make its summit visible for a considerable distance. The southern end is precipitous, and has two small caves high up in its ledge of rock. It is said that when the evening sun gilds this surface of the hill and throws the caves into deep shadow an observer can easily see a resemblance to a skull in the knoll itself.

A number of Moslem tombs are found here; but except for these the hill is quite bare. Its top has a scanty covering of grass sprinkled with flowers. It does not require a violent effort of the imagination to banish present surroundings and to restore the setting of the original scene. One feels that its own apparent suitability and its conformity to necessary conditions are enough to warrant a belief that this is the most sacred spot on earth to a sincere follower of the Lord.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Here He 'bare our sins in His body upon the tree'; very near this spot his precious body was laid in the tomb by the mourning disciples; and there on Easter morning the angel watcher proclaimed to the women his joyful tidings: 'He is not here; for He is risen, even as He said!'

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

PLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hope Immortal.

Flowers die not in the winter-tide
  Although they wake in spring;
Pillowed 'neath mounds of fleecy snow
While skies are gray and storm-winds blow
  All patiently they bide,
Fettered by frost, and bravely wait
And trust in spring or soon or late.

Hope dies not in the winter-tide
  Though sore it long for spring,
Cool morn may ripen to hot noon,
And evening dusks creep all too soon
  The noon-day sun to hide,
But through the night there stir and thrill
The sleeping strengths of life and will.

For souls there comes a winter-tide,
  For souls there blooms a spring;
Though winter days may linger long,
And snows be deep and frosts be strong
  And faith be sorely tried,
When Christ shall shine, who is the Sun,
Spring-time shall be for everyone.

Oh, mighty God of winter-time!
  Oh, loving Lord of spring!
Come to our hearts this Easter-day,
Melt all the prisoning ice away
  And evermore abide,
Making both good and ill to be
Thy blessed opportunity.

—Susan Coolidge.

Is it Sprinkled?

A Passover Easter Story

(By M. Hickley, in the Australian 'Christian World.')

'Is it sprinkled?' This was the anxious question asked by two little Jewish girls—one in Egypt and one in Rome, Irene, the little heroine of my story, asked it in Rome, thousands of years after it had been asked by that other in Egypt.

It was a lovely Roman Spring, A.D., 61. The Passover season was in full swing; but, as St. Paul had been preaching for many a year, there was a good result in many a poor Jewish home. The Passover Festival had for them a new meaning this year. In some humble hearts there was ringing for the first time the Easter song that echoes still louder and sweeter to-day, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us therefore let us keep the feast.' In the poor room of a small house beyond the Tiber, in the overcrowded Jewish quarter, a young widow was sitting. On a stool at her feet with her large dark eyes fixed upon her mother's face, listening, sat Irene, her only child. She was a delicate, timid child of eight, almost morbidly sensitive in temperament.

Though my story is of Irene, I must here say a word concerning her mother. She had married a Greek, through whose influence she had grown cold and indifferent to her Jewish faith. But a year ago she had lost her husband, and sickness and poverty had brought her to herself. First, there had been a return to the synagogue service, and recently she had been introduced by a friend to the prisoner Paul, from whom she had learnt the faith in Christ. Her desolate heart had readily opened to receive 'The Man of Sorrows.' And thus it came to pass that she was among the number of those to whom this Passover with its Easter light was the gladest season she had ever known.

It was but the day before that on which our story opens that Irene had accompanied her mother to the wonderful stranger's lodging. What he said had passed unheeded over her little head, she was more taken up with the tall and rigid soldier who guarded him.

From physical suffering she had always shrank, and although so young had often been in bondage through fear of death; and the clank of the chain, as Paul, vehement and passionate in speech held up his hand, exclaiming, thrilled her heart with horror. But though she heeded not the prisoner's words, she never forgot the look on his face. Small and insignificant in person and looking the more so in contrast with his guard, there was just that in his face which arrested attention. Keen, eager, almost passionate as he denounced the hardness of the Jewish hearts around him in Rome, yet he melted into such intense pathos of tone and manner, that Irene almost wept, she hardly knew why. And when she and her mother left, the great Apostle had laid his chained hand gently on her dark head saying tenderly:

'God be gracious to thee, my child. May Christ, the Good Shepherd, gather thee in His arms.' And at the words Irene's heart went out towards him. To-day she had been sitting at her mother's knee asking questions about the chained prisoner, and her mother had been telling her the story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection which had brought to her own heart so much joy. From thence the talk had drifted into the past, and the story of the first Passover was retold. Irene's eyes grew large and eager, as she heard of that awful night in Egypt, and the slaying of the firstborn. Already her vivid imagination had pictured the scene, and she shuddered. She herself was a firstborn, how would she have felt had she been there? In an awestruck voice she asked, 'Suppose a father had forgotten to put the blood upon the door, albeit he had killed a lamb, thinkest thou, mother, that a little girl, firstborn, like me, must still have died?'

'Aye, my child, full surely,' answered her mother. 'For said not the Lord Jehovah, "When I see the blood I will pass over. Methinks that were it not on the door the Angel of Death must needs have entered."

'And now, my little girl, will I tell thee a story, which thy question had brought to mind, a story which has come down from father to son. Thy grandfather was a learned Rabbi, and when I was a little one like thee, I sat on his knee and heard it from him.

'It came to pass that in a certain family in Egypt, there was but one little girl well beloved. With beating heart had she heard it said that, at midnight, the Angel of Death would be abroad slaying the firstborn in every house where no blood was sprinkled. Ere the sun was down she, in company with her parents, had partaken of the Passover lamb. She knew in truth that the lamb was slain, had she not also seen the basin and the hyssop laid ready? Soon was she in her little bed asleep. But her sleep was troubled, and in the evil dreams that haunted her she seemed to see the avenging angel approaching with the stroke of doom. Terrified she awoke.

'Father! father!' she cried. 'Hath the blood indeed been sprinkled?'

'Yea, my child, it hath,' so answered her father from anear, and—comforted—the tired eyelids closed again in sleep.

But not for long, many times during the evening the little one awoke, each time with the frightened cry—

'Father! father! hath the blood indeed been sprinkled?'

Each time had her father answered, 'Yea, my child, it hath.' And verily thought he that he spoke but the truth, for had he not deputed his most trusted servant to strike it there?

'But as midnight drew near once again woke the child, and sobbing, wailed she—'Father, oh my father art sure the blood is sprinkled? So grievous was her fear that her father entered and took the trembling one into his bosom and strove to soothe her. Then with arms tightly clasped around his neck she whispered—

'I would like to see it for myself, take me to the doorpost, father, that I may see with mine own eyes the sprinkled blood.'

'Then carried he the little maiden thither. Lamp in hand he sallied forth, pointing, smiling as they passed the blood basin and the hyssop. My little one need have no fear. Behold the blood. But even as he spoke they had reached the threshold. How awful was the darkness without. He shuddered at the angry flashes in the midnight sky, and the mighty thunder's peal. But holding up the light, he was about chidingly to say—"See the blood, Behold the pledge of thy safety." When a great and strong cry of agony broke on him and mighty beads of sweat on a sudden gathered on his brow, for there was no blood upon the door, and it wanted only a few minutes to the hour of doom.

'My God, my God,' he cried, 'have pity, have patience, smite not yet.' And giving the terrified child to the white-faced mother, he sprang for the basin and the hyssop. It was but a second and then upon the doorpost and the lintel, gleamed red and wet the sprinkled blood.

'Now, indeed, are thou safe, my child, my firstborn, my all!' sobbingly cried he. And lifting up the child that she might see it for herself, he exclaimed, 'Behold the blood, my child, the pledge of thy safety.' Then closed he the doors, and even as he did so, the wailing on every side commenced, and that 'great cry' arose, from broken hearts, over their firstborn, from the king in his palace, to the maid servant behind the mill.'

As the story ended Irene drew a deep sigh which was almost a groan. It was now dark, or her mother would have been pained at the white scared face at her knees. The story had seized on her too active imagination, and long after her unconscious mother was asleep, she lay awake with the horror of it. In her troubled sleep she seemed to hear the thunderbolts of doom as they fell on the devoted firstborn, and above it all she caught ever and anon the fearful questioning wail of the little girl—Is it sprinkled father? Is it sprinkled?'

* * * *

Three years had passed, and now day by day came stories to that little room of the horrible deaths awaiting the followers of the Crucified.

Persecution of the Christians, subsequent on the great fire which destroyed half Rome, had reached its height, suspicion having fallen on the Jewish community whose quarters had remained unharmed in the general conflagration —it was but a step further to fix it more certainly on the smaller Hebrew-Christian section, hated alike by both Jew and Gentile. Hence the terrified destruction which now befell the infant Church in Rome, in which it is likely that most of St. Paul's converts perished. What wonder, then, that Irene and her mother lived in fear of death from hour to hour. The former now a fragile child of eleven, had none of her nervous, shrinking temperament.

At the last Passover Season in the Spring of this very year of persecution, Irene had once again induced her mother to retell the Jewish legend which had for her such a gruesome fascination. By this time she had been baptized, and was called a Christian. How was it then she asked herself, that she was still so fearful, that there hung over her even that fear of death, and the great hereafter, which had haunted her for so many years?

The poor child lived in an agony of suspense and fear as day by day the stories of death and destruction reached her and her mother. For now the great enemy who torments morbid souls had added the bitterest drop of all, suggestions of a cruel death, and then— what then? Everlasting separation from her mother. For her mother was a true child of God—a real Christian. But was she? Ah, this she did not know. Poor little lamb. She almost envied the little girl of the Passover story, in that her trouble had at least an actual solution. When the oft repeated question, 'Is it sprinkled?' haunted her dreams, and she waked to know that it was Rome and not Egypt, and that she had to do with no material blood and hyssop, she almost fell to wishing that she had. For that trouble was at least a tangible one. But for herself, how could she know if the Blood of the Crucified were really on her soul? When some awful death tore her from her mother's arms, how should she know if they would meet again on the other side? And so, tossed hither and thither, ever recurred the old question, 'Am I safe? Is it sprinkled?'

At length the day came when Irene and her mother were hunted with the rest out of their poor home, and driven across the Tiber in the direction of the palace of the Caesars, and the Colosseum. They were herded together in loathesome cells, awaiting the moment when, to please the bloodthirsty Roman populace, they should be thrust forth as meat for beasts and sport for men. Irene had clung to her mother in an agony of fear as they were driven in a throng down the crowded streets, cursed and execrated. So exhausted was she, that on their arrival at their temporary prison, she had fallen upon the filthy straw, and almost at once merciful sleep had overpowered her.

All through the long night that followed her mother sat watching the little pale face, across which the moonbeams struck, praying that her little timid one might have grace and courage for the morrow's tortures. And her prayer was heard. She noticed that as Irene slept she smiled. And as the early dawn of that August morning lightened the loathesome spot where slept or prayed groups of wan-faced Christians, Irene sat up suddenly, and her watching mother hardly recognized in the radiant face lifted to hers the pinched terror-struck one of yesterday and of the days gone by. Irene crept into her mother's arms and sighed contentedly as she whispered, 'Mother! I have seen the Crucified One. And oh, He is so beautiful! He came to me in the night, and I heard Him say, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." So I crept into His kind arms, mother, just as I am now in thine. And then I heard Him say—I can't remember all, but these words I know He said—'The blood of sprinkling is on thee—on thee, my child." Oh mother, mother, I am safe! I have no fear now. To-morrow we will die together, and go to Him like that thief the good prisoner Paul told us about, to-morrow we shall be with Him in Paradise. Oh, now I am so glad to die, so glad!'

And so it came to pass, that when the great doors through which the condemned passed into the arena were swung back, and whips plied to the hindermost drove the devoted throng of Christians, young and old, into the amphitheatre, Irene stepped fearlessly on to the arena, where lay patches of blood in dark purple pools, and where already snarled and roared wild beasts. Yes, there was blood everywhere, and Irene suddenly thought of the little girl in Egypt, safe, safe behind the blood-stained portal. Then a panther leapt upon her, as his prey; but it seemed to her that, above his gleaming teeth and fierce eyes, she could see the face of Him who had visited her in the night; neither did she heed the beast's angry growl, on account of the sweet voice that sounded so clearly in her ear. 'The blood of sprinkling is on thee, my child. Thou art safe!'

Thus did the Good Shepherd gather the frightened lamb in His arms, as prayed the prisoner Paul, when Irene and her mother died amongst the noble army of martyrs.

What Will Come?

The eggs in the nightingale's nest transform
into plumage and song;
Out of the acorn at last comes the oak tree
stately and strong;
Out of the savage soul, out of the thrall and
the slave
Come patriot, martyr and saint, the noble,
the true and the brave;
Out of poor ignorance, truth, and out of man's
fetters, release;
Out of the tempest the calm, and out of the
battle sweet peace.

—Selected.

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Arise

Our lives are too often graves in which the best possibilities of moral and spiritual beauty and strength lie sleeping. Perhaps not one of us is living at his best. There are better things in our soul than have been brought out. There is more love lying in our heart—sympathy, compassion, gentleness, helpfulness—than has yet been called out into service. There are undeveloped possibilities of usefulness in everyone's heart and hand. Many of our lives are like the trees in orchards and forests, all over the land, these early spring days, waiting for the warm sunshine and gentle rains to call out their foliage and fruits; we need the warm south wind of God's love and of the Holy Spirit to woo out the blessed possibilities that are sleeping.—The 'Standard.'

The Little Lad.

Choir practice to-night at St. Paul's. The light falling on the stained glass windows gives to passers-by no hint of the beautiful colors that charm the eye when the light is outside instead of in.

Soft, low notes float gently on the quiet air. The organist is playing while the choir is gathering.

The clock points to seven as a tall, slender boy comes hurriedly down the aisle, and the frown fades from the brow of the little professo..

'Ah, at last!' he exclaimed; 'one moment more and you would have been late, Morrell.'

It is not often that a choir boy is late at St. Paul's. It is too difficult to get into the leading choir of the city for any boy to risk a dismissal. In fact, Dwight Morrell is the only one of the twenty who would dare come so near as this to being late; but Morrell has the finest voice of them all—and is perfectly well aware of that fact.

He glances at the clock with a careless smile that exasperates the fiery little director, who calls out sharply, 'We will begin at once.' The rehearsal goes on, but it is not satisfactory to the professor. He glances impatiently once or twice at Morrell. Finally he raps angrily on the table with his baton.

'Stop! stop! That will not do, Morrell. You are not singing well to-night.'

The hot color flashes to the boy's face. A quick retort trembles on his tongue, but he does not quite dare to utter it. He does not realize how clearly his feeling is written on his face. The professor understands as well as if he had spoken.

'If you are not willing to practice, Mr. Morrell, I can find someone who will,' he says, brusquely.

Morrell stared angrily and bit his lip. He had been so long the leading singer of St. Paul's choir, that it had never occurred to him that he could be dispensed with. That the professor must have some one else in view, or he would never have ventured such a reproof, seemed to him certain. He choked down his furious anger, and said, coldly:

'Can we try that passage again, sir?'

This time there were no false notes, and the professor's brow cleared. 'That is better,' he said, heartily, as the last sweet notes died away.

The rehearsal over, the boys quickly disappeared. Half a dozen of them left the church together, Dwight Morrell among them.

'What ailed the professor to-night, anyhow?' he began, then,—'Get out of the way, you little beggar,' he burst out, angrily, to a pale-faced little fellow who was leaning on his crutch, in the vestibule. As he spoke, his foot hit the crutch, which went flying down the steps, and the boy, with a sharp cry, fell heavily to the floor.

Morrell half started as if to help the boy up, but another was before him—a bright-faced lad, who sprang forward, and, lifting the little fellow to his feet, held him till another boy handed up the crutch.

'If you meant to do that, Dwight Morrell, it was a mean, cowardly trick,' exclaimed the bright-faced boy, his blue eyes blazing with honest indignation as they looked straight into Morrell's black ones.

Morrell shrugged his shoulders. 'Much ado about nothing,' he quoted, airily, and went down the steps without a backward glance.

'What was that little wretch doing there, anyhow?' he said to his chum, Dick Wilson, who had stood silently by during this little episode, and now walked on with him. Dick was Morrell's ardent admirer; he could see no fault in his friend.

'He's Matthew's nephew, I believe,' he said; 'came to live with him lately. Matthews is down with chills'n' fever 'n' that little chap is doing his work at the church.'

'Humph!' growled Morrell. 'Pretty-looking sexton he is—for St. Paul's. But say, Dick, what did ail the professor to-night? He never dared come down on me like that before.'

'He was mighty peppery to-night—that's a fact,' said Dick. Then, with a side glance at his friend, he added hesitatingly, 'His son is back from Germany. They say he's no end of a singer.'

Morrell was silent for a moment. His heart beat quickly, and the blood rushed to his head. 'So that's what it means,' he said, presently. 'The professor wants to pick a quarrel with me, so's to have an excuse for turning me off 'n' putting his son in my place.'

'Looks kinder that way,' assented Dick; 'but you needn't ter bother. I don't believe he can sing any better'n you can.'

Morrell raised his head proudly. His belief in his own musical ability was unlimited. He made up his mind that at the next rehearsal he would astonish the professor a little.

Whether or no the professor was astonished, certainly he was well pleased with the next rehearsal. His face beamed with satisfaction as he listened to Morrell's fine rendering of the solo on Easter morning when the great church would be thronged with the strangers who would come to hear St. Paul's choir.

'Very well—very well, Mr. Morrell,' he said. 'If you sing as well as that next Sunday I shall have no fault to find. You have done well this evening,' and he dismissed them with a gracious smile.

Two persons were sitting near the door at the back of the church as the boys passed out. One was the little pale-faced cripple with his crutch at his side. eH loved to sit in the semi-darkness and listen to the sweet music that made him happier than anything else in the world. The other was a tall, slender lad with very dark hair and eyes.

'The professor's son,' whispered Dick, in Morrell's ear.

Morrell scowled at both the occupants of the back pew as he passed. 'Choice company he keeps,' he said, half aloud, to Dick.

'What makes you hate that little kid so?' Dick asked, curiously, as they walked on together.

'Oh, he makes me sick. Cripples and hunchbacks ought to be shut up for life, like lunatics and murderers,' said Morrell, roughly. 'I'd as soon see a snake as a cripple any time.'

'Pretty hard on the cripples,' Dick remarked. 'I reckon they wouldn't be that way if they could help it.'

'Probably not,' said Morrell, carelessly; 'but come, let us talk of something pleasanter.'

The next rehearsal was the last before Easter. Morrell was there; but he looked pale and ill, and asked to be excused from singing. 'I've taken a heavy cold,' he said, uneasily, 'and I guess I'll have to save myself up for Sunday. I'll be right by that time, I'm sure.'

The professor readily excused him, but shook his head as he looked after him. 'I doubt if he's all right by Sunday,' he said to himself; 'he looks to me as if he were in for a fit of sickness.'

The professor had taken a fancy to Matthews' little nephew, and often sent him on errands, for which he paid him well. He sent him the day after the rehearsal to inquire how Morrell was. The servant who answered the bell took the boy upstairs to see Mrs. Morrell. He could hear her talking to her son in the next room.

'But, Dwight,' she was saying, 'what is the use? You might just as well send the professor word that you can't sing next Sunday. You know that the doctor will not hear of your going out so soon.'

And then Morrell's voice, so thick and hoarse that the boy in this next room would not have recognized it, answered, fretfully:

'I must be well. I must sing Easter. If I don't I'll lose my place. They say the professor's son has a splendid voice, and if he sings Easter in my place—he'll have it for good—that's all. Oh, if I only knew somebody who would sing for me just this once, and not try to get my place,' he groaned.

A little pale face—a slight, twisted body appeared in the doorway. Morrell's face was covered with his hands. He looked up as a clear voice spoke beside his bed.

'Mr. Morrell, if the professor will let me, I think I can sing the solo for you, Easter.'

'You,' said Morrell; 'what do you mean?'

'Of course,' I can't sing it half as well as you can,' said the little fellow, modestly; 'but you know I've been there at all the choir practice, and the part you sing is the most beautiful of all, I couldn't help learning it, and I've sung it pretty often at home. I'll sing it for you, now, 'n' you can see if I'll do—if the professor will let me,' he added shyly.

'Sing! sing!' said Morrell, with feverish eagerness. And standing there in his shabby clothes, leaning on his crutch, the child sang in a voice as sweet and thrilling as any meadow lark's—the beautiful Easter music. He looked anxiously at the sick boy as he finished.

'Will it do?' he said; 'the gown would cover this, you know,' touching his crutch. 'I'd be so glad to do it for you, if I can do it well enough, 'n' you wouldn't be 'fraid I'd try to get your place, you know.'

Morrell had covered his face again now, and tears were running down his flushed cheeks.

'Do,' he said, when he could speak; 'you sing it better than I ever did. I'm sure the professor will let you take my place, and, and —.' He held out his hand to the little lad. 'I've acted like a brute to you, but honestly, I didn't mean to kick your crutch that night in the vestibule.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said the little lad, cheerfully. ''Course I knew you didn't. A fellow that can sing as you can couldn't be so mean as that. I'll go and ask the professor,' and he hurried away as fast as he could limp.

Some who listened to the Easter music at St. Paul's were disappointed because Dwight Morrell did not sing; but the clear child-voice that sang the solo in his stead sent to many a heart a strangely sweet thrill that lived in the memory long after that Easter service was fogotten.

And the little lad from that time on lived no more with Matthews, the janitor, for the professor took him into his own home and trained his voice so well that in the years that followed many a one would have been willing to use a crutch as he did if also it might have had a voice that could so move human hearts.—'Independent.'

Why We Use Eggs at Easter.

(By Katherine E. Megee, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The use of eggs at Easter is universal and has been for many centuries. Indeed, the custom may be traced to the early Egyptians, Persians, Gauls and Greeks, among which nations the egg, from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge, was not only the symbol of life, but was regarded as the very origin of life itself, and its use at the spring-time festival of the Goddess Eastre—the personification of the morning or East, and also of the Spring—was undoubtedly as a symbol of the revivification or awakening of life in nature. When the festival came under the ban of the Church, the 'Feast of Eggs' became symbolical of the resurrection of our Lord and the life to come. Long ages gone all religious significance was abolished, yet the custom itself has survived, and generation following generation has continued to associate eggs with Easter; and poor, indeed, both in purse and sentiment, is that home in which they are not a conspicuous feature of the Easter Sunday menu.

The use of colored eggs is almost as ancient as that of the egg itself. Among the Persians it was the custom at their solar festival in March—in the month from which the beginning of the new year was reckoned—to mutually exchange eggs made beautiful with their wonderful dyes. This practice was continued by the early Christians who were wont to present each other colored eggs on Easter morning.

An ancient custom in some parts of France was for the people on Easter Sunday morning to carry colored eggs to the church to be blessed by the priest, who then distributed them among the congregation, by whom they were prized as valuable souvenirs of the day and were preserved throughout the year as amulets or charms against disease, fire and other direful afflictions.

In other portions of the same country for weeks preceding the Easter season the largest eggs to be found were stored. On Easter morning they were taken to the church and arranged in pyramids, then with much ceremony presented to the king, after which they were blessed by the priest and distributed among the people. In other parishes the priests went from house to house and bestowed their blessings upon the inmates, in return receiving gifts of eggs, either plain or colored.

In the moorlands of Scotland, in an early day, the young people would go out at daybreak on Easter morning to hunt wild fowls' eggs. In proportion to their find would be their luck during the ensuing year.

In Italy the heads of families carried colored eggs to the church to be blessed, and then home again, where they were arranged on flower-decked tables. Each guest during the Easter season was invited to eat one of the 'sacred eggs.' To refuse to do so was regarded not only an insult to the household but a sin against the Church.

Various 'egg games' were formerly indulged in on Easter morning and constituted a part of the religious ceremonies of the day. The most popular of these games was egg rolling or egg pitting, which originated in Mesopotamia, and consisted in striking the eggs in turn one against another until one was broken; then another was put up against the winning egg and so on until but one remained unbroken. Only red eggs, symbolical of the crucifixion, were used. In Scotland egg pitting is commonly indulged in at the present time; and in the United States, in one city—the national capital—this hoary custom is still honored on Easter Monday, when the White House grounds are thrown open to the children of the city, rich and poor, and who indulge to their heart's content in the ancient sport, though, of course, no religious significance is recognized and eggs of all colors are in evidence.

Only a Boy.

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hinduism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

'What, my boy. Do you want to join the church?'

'Yes, sir.'

'But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now you be very loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if, when I come again at the end of the half year, I find you still steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly.'

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said, 'Why, sir, it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ.'

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God for saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—'Forward.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Risen Saviour by the Sea

(By the Rev. Joel Swartz, D.D., in the New York 'Observer.')

Through all the night till glimmering dawn
  Had tinged with gold Gennesaret—
With heavy hearts and weary brawn,
Christ's chosen fishermen had drawn
  The still returning empty net.

Half-hidden by the morning mist,
  One treads the sands with pierced feet;
They stay the plashing oars and list
And catch the unknown call of Christ:
  'My children, have ye taken meat?'

Their faint, forlorn, desponding 'No!'
  Is answered by his prompt command—
'Your nets upon the right-hand throw!'
They heed and drop their nets, when lo!
  They scarce can haul the load to land.

'It is the Lord!' a quick voice cries—
  It is the voice of loving John;
For love can see with keener eyes
Than all the 'prudent and the wise'
  And thus John knows the risen One.

A fire of coals burns on the shore,
  And stranger still, a feast is spread!
The desert cup with joy runs o'er:
They eat, behold, and doubt no more
  That Christ is risen from the dead.

What if the scene the past recall,
  And fire and feast a searching prove—
Re-picture Pilate's judgment hall,
The oaths of Peter and his fall—
  The feast is still a feast of love.

O, who could guess the thoughts that stirred
  The seven fishers by the sea!
We know but this, No single word
Of even soft reproof is heard,
  Save in the thrice-said: 'Lov'st thou Me?'

And Peter from his inmost soul—
  Once more, not shifting wave, but rock,
Responds: 'Yea, Lord!' and is made whole,
And in Love's strength receives control
  As under shepherd of the flock.

Dear ones! We often toil in pain,
  And no result of labor see,
O, would we thus drag nets in vain
If we could feast with Christ again,
And answer well His 'Lov'st thou Me?'

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

'That's cheese, and cheese mites, and some likes it so but I prefers my victuals served up separate and genteel. Ain't it a beautiful sight, to see 'em divin' and dolvin' as if they was minin' for gold, an' growin' so fat an' hearty in that there bit of cheese!' and the joyful Rasmus winked openly at the smiling Sally.

Thus Rasmus happily filled the professorial chair.

The next morning the three travellers again set forward. At the first half Rasmus said to Mr. Llewellyn:

'I say, dad, can't a fellow learn to write, without knowing how to read?'

'No, he cannot. He must know the letters, and what they spell, or he cannot put them together in writing.'

'Not just a very little letter, without much in it?'

'O, I declare!' cried Rodney, going off into a convulsion of laughter. 'Rasmus wants to write Sally a love-letter!'

I vow, I'd not stop long over choking you, Rod,' said Rasmus, wrathfully; but Mr. Llewellyn interposed.

'What is there strange or wrong for a fine fellow, like Rasmus, liking a nice girl, such as Sally? If Rasmus would educate himself in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and settle down to steady work, he would have as good a right to a wife as any one. Now, Rasmus is not the kind of selfish chap that can live and work for himself; he needs a home, some one to care for, to work for, and to encourage him. If he finds his brother, they two will want a home and a home-mistress; if he does not find him, Rasmus must settle in a home, with a good wife to help him get over his sorrow. Every healthy, honest, sober fellow like Rasmus, owes one more good home establishment to the public good. Now, Rasmus, you don't want to be ashamed before your wife, or hindered in getting on, because of ignorance; nor to make your wife ashamed of you. Since I knew you, I have been anxious you should learn to read and write, but I wanted to let the proposal come from you, so you would stick to it.'

'But could I ever do it, Mr. Llewellyn?'

'Why not? Every little child in school does it.'

'But there's such a plagued lot of letters. Rod's two books is full of 'em; so is yours! I'd never get round them all, if I lived to be a hundred.'

'O, you mistake—there are only twenty-six letters.'

'O, hold up there! I've see twenty-six million, more like.'

'But they are the same repeated, as blades of grass.'

'Don't now, guv'nor,' protested Rasmus, 'don't try to fool me. Didn't the boy read to me out of his book all 'bout the tramps, an' the good place, an' the big fight, an' the old giant took with trembles? Now, twenty-six letters never made all that.'

'Indeed they did, Rasmus.'

'Then they're the all-firedst-twenty-six-letters ever was!'

'Now, Rasmus, I'll prove it to you by showing you what five letters can do. If you'll learn five, just as many as the fingers on one hand, I'll make it clear.'

'That's a fair bargain; I can tackle five.'

'Here they are,' said Mr. Llewellyn, printing clearly on a card m-e-a-n-t, meant, as you meant to do well. Rod meant to be good. This first letter, with three legs, is "m."'

'Yes, an' there's the other "m!"' cried Rasmus.

'Look closer. That other has but two legs, and is "n."'

'"M-n,"' said Rasmus, looking close, as if short-sighted.

'This one is "e."'

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

Song of the Flowers.

I love the little crocus that comes
with April showers,
It lifts its face up to the sun with
earliest of spring flowers;
You are so bright and dainty,
although you are so small,
I think when I look down at you,
'God made and loveth all.'

A letter came this morning, would
you know what I read?
'Robins and snow-birds both are
here, for spring has come,' it said.
'Twas from a little lame girl, who
dearly loves the flowers;
Their sunshine creeps into her heart
and cheers her lonely hours.

Like all the birds and flowers that
hail with joy the spring,
We children join our song of praise
to every living thing;
We're happy like the flowers and
joyous like the birds,
But big folks know that Easter joy
cannot be told in words.
—Belle Ballou.

Aunt Mandy's Easter Box.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

'Did you ever see such a mess?' grumbled the big man with No. 5 on his cap as he looked at the heap of broken shells, hard-boiled eggs, scraps of paper, moss, and ribbons that lay on his desk. 'I'd like to see the person who would send such stuff through the mails. I suppose I'll have to get a box and throw the trash in before I can deliver it.'

'What's the matter with Five?' demanded another rural letter-carrier. 'He must have missed his breakfast this morning.'

'No, I had my breakfast; but look at this trash. Anybody would be disgusted.'

'And it's addressed to Johnny Pearce, too,' said the distributing clerk, coming back at that moment. 'Poor little chap! If that is all the Easter he is to have this year, I pity him.'

'I think I'll throw the whole mess in the garbage barrel, and buy him something myself,' said the carrier. 'Maybe it is against the rules to destroy mail, but this is in no shape to deliver. I'll save the address, and put it on the package I get, so there will be no harm done.'

'I'll help along,' said one of the carriers, heartily taking a shining silver piece out of his pocket. 'And so will I,' said several of the clerks in the post office.

'There's Johnny at the gate,' groaned the big carrier as he saw the little cripple waiting beside the letter-box. 'What can I say if he mentions that box? I wish I had got Mollie to fix it up right away, though it's two days till Easter.'

'I had a letter from Aunt Mandy day before yesterday,' said Johnny, as soon as he could make himself heard, 'and she says she sent me a box of Easter eggs. Have you got a box for me this morning?'

'Why, sonny,' stammered the carrier, 'it's a little early for Easter eggs yet. This is only Thursday, you know.'

'But she says she sent them before she mailed the letter. Is there any other Johnny Pearce anywhere that could get it?'

'No indeed. Don't you worry a single bit. Packages don't travel as fast as letters and yours will be along one of these days. Did she say what kind of a package it was?'

'Yes, a shoe box filled with red and green and yellow eggs. Please be very careful of it so the eggs don't get broke. I never had any Easter eggs before and I want to see these awful bad.'

'A paper shoe box!' said the carrier watching the little figure limp painfully back into the tumble-down house. 'The idea of sending eggs that way!'

'It will have to be a pasteboard shoe box with red and green and yellow eggs in it,' Mollie,' said the tired carrier that night. 'The little chap knows every word of the letter by heart and he'll suspect something if it isn't just right.'

So the box was filled with moss shaped like a nest and in it reposed the gay eggs. Mollie sat up till midnight trying to get the right shade of yellow and at last accomplished it so everything might be perfect for the eager boy. Around the eggs reposing on soft tissue paper were the pretty trifles bought with the money the other carriers and clerks had contributed, so it was a pretty Easter box that No. 5 proudly displayed before he started out on his trip.

'I told you it would come all right,' said Carrier No 5 to the waiting boy. 'It takes packages several days longer than letters. Are you going to keep it till Easter to open it?'

'Yes, I think I will,' said Johnny joyfully. 'Mamma was afraid the eggs might get cracked coming so far—Aunt Mandy lives five hundred miles from here, but I felt sure you would take good care of them. The box looks just as good as new, don't it?'

'Every bit!' said the carrier heartily. 'Get up, Bob! I've got some more Easter packages to deliver.'

'Be glad, my heart, this Easter
time,
Thy grateful tribute bring;
The sum of all thou callest mine,
Comes thro' thy risen King.'

What Ruth Did.

Little Ruth was playing in the yard, and seeing her mother a short distance from the house, she at once thought of some cakes and candy which her mother had forbidden her to take. She ran into the house and quickly opened the cupboard, but before taking them, she looked all around to see if there was anyone near who would see her. On seeing no one she quickly put them into her pocket, and ran out of the house into the yard again.

She knew that it was naughty to do such things, but that was what she had been wanting, some cakes and candy.

So she sat down on the grass, and was just going to eat them, saying to herself: 'Mamma will never miss them, for I did not take much of either.'

But just then she happened to think of what her mother had so often told her to say, when she was tempted to do wrong. So she hesitated a moment, looking at the cakes and candy which she held in her hand; then in a low voice she said: 'God is looking at me.'

She sat there for a moment, thinking of the all-seeing Eye that was ever upon her, then putting the cakes and candy back into her pocket, she arose and walked quietly and slowly into the house, and laid them back in the cupboard where she got them.

May all boys and girls who read this story about little Ruth, repeat the same words to themselves when they are tempted.—'Ram's Horn.'

Easter Eggs and Chickens.

Dame Dorking sits in the last year's hay,
On a dozen eggs as white as snow;
And where they are hidden safe away,
None but I and old Dorking know,
If they should come to mamma's eyes,
She would take them all for custard pies.

The hen is mine, and the eggs are too,
And I want them all for Easter Day.
Some I shall color a lovely blue,
Some shall be purple, and some shall be gray.

Then mamma says surprised, 'Why here,
Where did you get those eggs, my dear?'

Now somebody else had heard the news,
Of Tommy's hen and her stolen nest.
And mamma was never known to lose
The chance for a joke or harmless jest;
Besides, she knew, ere Easter morn,
The twelve little chicks would all be born.

So mamma a secret has as well;
For she kept her paints and brushes there,
And as they broke from the dainty shell
She touched their down with the softest care,
Till soon they mingled their motley hues,
Chickens in purples, grays, and blues.

Do you wonder whose was the great surprise,
When the brood ran out from off the hay?
Well, a funny gleam was in mamma's eyes.
And the hen looked puzzled, but Tommy Day—
Oh, dear! when he found his mother out,
He just rolled over and gave a shout.

—'Australian Christian World.'

Correspondence

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like your 'Messenger' very much. I like the little folks' page best. I go to school every day; it takes me about 20 minutes to walk over. I am in Grade seven, in the fourth reader. I am 11 years old. I saw the question, 'Which of the Psalms in the Bible has only two verses?' I say the answer is the 117th Psalm. Our school here has a library, and we can get books every Friday. I have not seen any letters from this part of the country, so I thought I would send you one. Now, I will close with telling you all

thirteen years old on the fourth of July. I have been living in D. P. for a long time, and I think it is a nice place, although it is not in the city. I go away to the country every summer and work on the farm. The place where we go is called H. C.

RALPH GILMORE.

FOUR LETTERS FROM ST. GILES' S. S.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' I live in M., I am nine years old. I am in the Third Year First Half A. at school. There are fifty-three pupils in the class. Last month I took fifth place

OUR PICTURES.

1.'Brown Thrush.' Sarah Gottfried (11), S., Ont.
2. 'Lily.' Vera Hallman (11), N. D., Ont.
3. 'Dick.' Hazel McR. (9)
4a. 'Blossoms.' Harry Walker (6), M., Que.
4b. 'Japanese Girls.' Alice McRae, W., N.S.
5. 'At Play.' L. McRitchie (14), L.
6. 'Easter egg.' Violet Smith, M., Que.
7. 'Easter morning.' W. McBain (7), A., Ont.
8. 'Easter lily.' Emma Hickey (14), P., N.B.
9. 'Dolly's ride.' Annie L. Perry, B., Ont.
10. 'A sly little fox.' Johnnie N., (11), P.C.

something to do: Think of a number, multiply by 2, add 1, multiply by 5, add 5, multiply by 10, subtract 100, and it will leave you the number thought of, after you strike off the last two figures. Or you can do it another way: Think of a number, multiply by 2, add 1, multiply by 5, take away 5, multiply by 10, strike off the last two figures, and it will leave the number thought of.

G. D. ALLAN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen quite a number of letters in the 'Messenger,' that different boys and girls have written, I thought I would write one, too.

I live in D., a pretty little town, especially in summer. It is surrounded by mountains on all sides. I am eleven years old, my birthday is on October 26th. I have a dog, his name is Prince, and he is a great pet.

WINIFRID N. S.

A., Mont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' comes to me regularly, and I like it very much. I take a great deal of interest in the correspondence page, and I think some of the pictures are very good.

I go to school, and am in the sixth grade.

GRACE MATHEWSON (age 10.)

D. P., T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for some time, and think it is a very good paper. I enjoy the reading of the letters on the correspondence page. I attend school at the D. P. Public school. I will be among them. We are having examinations just now, and I am very busy. I am aiming for first place in the class. I am reading 'Rasmus,' and 'The Christmas Stocking.' I think them very good stories.

ROBERT MUNRO GIBSON.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School every Sunday, and find it very interesting. I will tell you the names of some of the books which I have read: 'Jack Archer,' 'Surly Joe,' 'Snug and Series' stories.

We will soon be getting promoted. I hope I will get promoted. I have a very nice teacher at day school and Sunday school.

I take violin lessons, and my violin teacher gave me a box of violin strings for Christmas. There are five boys in my Sunday School class.

ARTHUR PAULEY.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am pleased to be able to tell you we get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Sabbath School, and that I am very fond of reading it. I found a great deal in it to interest me, and I think it is a very fine paper. I have a good time after school is over in going to the slide in St. Louis Square. Our lessons at school are getting very hard now, but the subjects I like best are spelling and writing.

ALEX. SHEARER.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School, and I like it very much. I read the stories in it, and I enjoy them very much. There are seven boys in our class, and we have a nice teacher. We had a New Year's gathering. We went to E. Church; we had a drive out to Westmount, and last Friday we had a soiree; it was good, and we enjoyed ourselves. M. is a very nice city, it has such nice buildings in it. I am ten years old, and I am in the third reader at day school.

STUART WATSON.

Col. Co., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since the first of this year, and like it very much. I will answer Anne Winger's question how many letters are there in the Bible? There are 3,586,489 letters. I will also answer Joseph W. T.'s question—What Psalm in the Bible has two verses? It is the 117th Psalm. I will also answer Eva M. Nichols' riddle—What is big at the bottom, little at the top, and a thing in the middle goes wibertywop? It is a churn. I will now send a question for your readers to answer. How often does the word 'Lord' occur in the Bible? I hope some one will answer this question.

J. HUNT (13).

G. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am sending some riddles. Four pears hanging high, three men passing by. Each took one, how many was left?

Which will burn longest, a candle or a match?

C. G. KILLEN.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got lots of Christmas presents. I got a doll, beads for my doll, beads for myself, slippers, a cup and saucer, and toboggan cap. I go to school every day, and have a very nice teacher.

CLAIRE WEYLIE (age 8.)

P., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am named after my grandmother. I have two sisters and one brother. I go to school every day, and have only been absent half a day since the beginning of last August. I visited an uncle and aunt in Montreal on St. Famille street three years ago for nearly six weeks during my holidays. I had a lovely time. I was on the mountain. There is a brook runs past our house, and in the summer there are some little fish in it, and we have lots of fun fishing, and in winter we can go on it with the sleigh. I like to read the Correspondence Page, and see quite a few letters from people I know. I like very much to go to school. We have thirty-seven scholars in our school. I am interested in the riddles, and I know a lot of them.

KATIE H. GRAHAM (11).

H. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Here is a riddle: Ten gallons of rum, and a 10-gallon keg, and nothing to measure it in but a 4-gallon and 3-gallon keg. How could they measure it?

JOHN McDONALD (12).

B., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am only five years old, but I have a missionary box, and I collect for the heathen, and I have four missionary books. I have a sled, and I often go sliding, it is great fun. I have no pets, but a cat and a dog. The cat's name is Nancy, and the dog's name is Don. My birthday is Dec. 20.

E. VIRGINIA HARRIS.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' through the Sunday School. I am 11 years old, and can repeat all the memory verses for the first quarter of 1906.

I enjoy the riddles in your Correspondence, and I will ask some.

1 If 26 cents buys one dozen eggs, how many can be bought with one cent and a quarter?

2. What is the difference between a cat and a match?

3.Why is a letter like a carpet?

The answer to E. Donaldson's are: 1. Water. 3. A waggon.

The answer to Eva M. Nichols's is a bell or a churn.

R. O. WINN.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22, 1906.

Jesus the Sinner's Friend.

Golden Text.

Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace.—Luke vii., 50.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 16.—Luke vii., 36-50.
Tuesday, April 17.—John xii., 1-9.
Wednesday, April 18.—Mark ii., 1-17.
Thursday, April 19.—Rom. v., 1-11.
Friday, April 20.—Rom. v., 12-21.
Saturday, April 21.—Hos. vi., 1-11
Sunday, April 22.—Mic. vi., 6-15.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Asceticism finds little encouragement in the habits of Jesus. He came eating and drinking. He was social. He declined no invitations we know of. He worked His first miracle at a wedding which, in the language of the ritual, 'he adorned and beautified by His presence.' He was no cold guest; no distant observer of what transpired. He entered with real zest, and made His contribution to the amenities of each occasion, while at the same time He hallowed and elevated all. No one who flies himself to a desert, shuns the face of his fellows and retires, literally or figuratively, into a hermit's cave need ever quote the example of Jesus in justification. His seasons of retirement were the exceptions which proved the rule of contact and fellowship with men. . . . So we find Jesus the guest of Simon, the Pharisee. He did not stand upon His dignity. He might well have been offended at the patronizing air in which His invitation came, and the economy of courtesy shown Him on His entrance to the home. Anything seemed good enough for the Galilean rabbi, and He ought to be glad to be bidden at all—such was the cavalier spirit of the place and hour. A smaller nature must needs have resented such indignity. Jesus could afford to ignore it, until time came to feather His arrow with it. . . . We have a revival of an Oriental custom in our own country, where people are admitted to the gallery to see others banqueting. It is a resemblance with a difference, however, for in our commercial age spectators are charged an admission, which helps defray expenses. Availing herself, in this instance, of the freedom of the banquet-room, an outcast woman entered. What attracted her was that Jesus was there. She had heard of His brotherly words of His helpful deeds. She was weary and heavy-laden. She had come for the rest which He had promised. According to custom, she had brought her gift with her. Jesus did not disdain it, though it may even have been the gains of her unhallowed life. Her penitence sublimated it. . . . The host, true to his caste (Pharisee—separate), thinks his guest hopelessly defiled by the touch of the sinner, even though it is the touch of a weeping penitent seeking a new life. He constructs an artificial dilemma. 'Either this man, who [illegible] prophet [illegible] the character of the woman, or does not. If he does not know, he is no prophet. If he knows and yet allows her to touch him, then he is [illegible] by the touch. He has lost his caste, and can not be my teacher.' . . . The Searcher of Hearts was reading His host like a book when this circumstance was transpiring—and a little later He gave him a bit of table-talk that set him thinking. 'Debt,' 'Forgiveness,' 'Love,' were brand-new words for the vocabulary of a Pharisee. The application fastens like a vise around Simon's heart. The common civilities, water, kiss and oil, which self-righteousness had omitted, penitence had supplied. It shall not fail of its exceeding great reward. 'And He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven."'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Jesus was exceedingly skilful in the use of passing incidents for the illustration of truth. He seized upon them as on this occasion. He held them up with the hand of an adept. . . . This incident is only an illustration of a larger situation. . . . The clash between Christ and the Pharisees was inevitable. They stood for a venerable ecclesiastical establishment, buttressed by tradition and authority. It sheltered them, and by its craft they had their living. Not that all had sordid motives, but the situation was one to stunt the mind and spirit. They were naturally alert against innovations, suspicious and bigoted. They could not understand, they were afraid of the young, reforming rabbi of Nazareth. And in their judgment it would be far better that He should be put to death, than that the whole fabric of ecclesiasticism should be brought down about their ears. . . . The Pharisee is a type of one style of folks to-day. His sins were negative. He was lacking in sympathy for the unfortunate and sinful: in faith and love toward the Saviour: in the spirit of helpfulness toward the miserably unhappy. His were the sins of the upper classes of the present. He needed to be shaken from the complacency of his self-righteousness. Jesus did it skilfully. . . . The woman was a type of another inveterate class. Hers were the gross sins of the flesh. No omissions, but commissions. She had paid the deadly penalty in excruciating tortures of body and of mind. But the stream of Jesus' forgiving love washed away her fearful load. And being forgiven much, she loved much.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 22.—Topic.—The Lord's Day: how to keep it holy. Luke vi., 8-10; Ex. xx., 8-11; Rev. i., 9-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

END OF A WILFUL LIFE.

Monday, April 16.—Afraid of his enemies. I. Sam. xxviii., 3-6.

Tuesday, April 17.—The visit to Endor. I. Sam. xxviii., 7-10

Wednesday, April 18.—A vision of Samuel. I. Sam. xxviii., 11-19.

Thursday, April 19.—Saul's last night. I. Sam. xxviii., 20-25.

Friday, April 20.—Saul's death.—I. Chron. x., 1-10.

Saturday, April 21.—Why he lost all. I. Chron. x., 13, 14.

Sunday, April 22.—Topic—The end of a wilful life. I. Sam. xxxi., 1-6.

The Sunday School and the Revival.

How can we get the young people to commit themselves to Christ?

This is the way it was successfully done in one church: A series of special meetings had quickened the spiritual activity of the people. As a result parents, Sunday school teachers, and Epworthians begun to inquire: 'What can we do to bring our children, our scholars and our friends to Christ?' In a special service held on Friday, in which a deep interest was manifested for the unsaved, the pastor called attention to the opportunity afforded by the regular session of the Sunday school. After earnest prayer for wisdom and guidance it was decided that the pastor should map out a plan for an evangelistic service for the coming Sunday.

The opening exercises were brief, but fervent. Quietly the teachers carried out the order of service, a copy of which had been placed in their hands. The first ten minutes were given to a practical application of the lesson of the day. At the ringing of the bell ten minutes were given to personal conversation by the teachers with their classes. Again the bell signalled and each class was formed into a circle of prayer. Teachers and Christian scholars prayed for the unsaved members of their classes, the Bible classes praying that God's saving power might be seen in the school that day. Twenty or more prayer meetings were going on at the same time. It was a wonderful sight.

The bell signalled once more, and led by their teachers the classes filed into the audience room of the church, and sat together. A hushed feeling pervaded the company, as if something unusual were about to take place. Into the tender prayer for divine help that was offered to the Saviour every heart seemed to enter, and a deep seriousness rested upon all, both old and young. It was felt that destinies were to be decided then and there. With but few words of appeal and persuasion from their pastor the opportunity to decide for Christ was given.

In a short time between fifty and seventy-five bowed in humbled surrender to God. The scene was one never to be forgotten. Strong men wept that were not wont to weep, while officers, teachers, and parents glorified God for what they saw. Most of these seekers the pastor was permitted to take on probation, and in due time, after careful training in classes, they were received into full membership. The plan was useful only in promoting harmony of action.

To have depended on that alone for success would have made the service mechanical and powerless. It was the special preparation of all the Christian forces in the school, the sympathetic co-operation of the officers, teachers, and other Christian workers, together with the manifest presence of the Spirit in answer to prayer, that brought about this blessed result. Some such plan, heartily seconded by all concerned, for the salvation of the young, would be no less successful in many other churches.—The Rev. E. P. Stephens, in the 'Epworth Herald.'

Interesting Girls in a Gospel Harmony.

It was a class of sixteen-year-old schoolgirls. In two or three years they would be debutantes, for they all belonged to the class from which debutantes spring. Having many social and secular interests, to arouse their enthusiasm for Bible study was a difficult task. Dress, the theatre, and the boys, engaged their best mental faculties. They were all church-members, so that ground of appeal was lacking. But when the International Lesson Committee outlined a series of lessons in the Synoptic Gospels, the teacher thought of a plan. 'We will make a harmony,' said she, 'with scissors and paste-pot.'

She purchased at the Bible Society rooms two copies each of the little two-cent Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. She provided a note-book wide enough for three parallel columns of the width of the pages of the gospels. She took these to Sunday school, also several pairs of scissors and a tube of paste. She let the girls do all the writing, cutting, and pasting. There was a column for each gospel. In these were pasted the narrative of Christ's life in chronological order,—that is, at the beginning, in the Luke column, was placed the Preface (Luke i., 1-4). Next were the genealogies of Matthew and Luke in parallel columns; then the events of Luke i. followed in Luke's column; then Matthew i., 19-25; then Luke ii., 1-39; and so on. This life of Christ was to be divided into chapters: Chapter i., Birth and Early Life; Chapter ii., Preparation for Service, etc. Here and there would be a map drawn in the book, illustrating the journeys of Christ.

After this plan was initiated, there was no further need to create interest. The girls were eager to plan and paste. The whole planning was left to them, with here and there a word of guidance. The teacher was careful to stop the mechanical part of the work in time to let the class leave with a final thought of the personal Christ about whom they were studying. The value of the plan is its clear historical setting of the facts of Christ's life.—'Sunday School Times.'

The reason why men are so often disappointed in their search for God is that they do not look for him first of all where he should chiefly be sought—in the manifestations he makes of himself in their own minds and hearts.—David Swing.

Easter Morning.

The Christ that died is risen to-day!
Sing loud, my soul, this joyful song—
The grave no longer holds its sway,
Unlocked has been death's portal strong.

Sing loud, O Earth!—all nature sing;
Lift up your voices, rock and hill.
Through mountain caves let echoes ring,
And valley low with music fill.

Ye ransomed nations, rise and sing,
'Our Christ has cast death's bonds away;
Hosanna! let the glad song ring;
Jesus, our Lord, is risen to-day.'

—Anna Neil Gilmore.

Red Rum.

(By Henry Irving Dodge, in the 'National Advocate.')

(Concluded.)

'Gentlemen, the rum that I drank murdered my mother. It was with malice prepense it did it, too. It was just as deliberately done as if I had crept into the poor soul's bedroom at night and pressed a knife down into her trusting old heart. I knew that my intemperance—nay, my brutal debauchery, was killing her by inches—the cruelest way ever devil devised. She did nothing but good to me. It is no excuse for a man's acts that he was drunk. It is not then he commits the crime—no, it is when, in his sober senses, he takes the first drink, knowing full well the devils he lets loose in his brain when he does it. At that time,' continued Barclay, 'my mother and I were living in a boarding house in a small town in the North. Our landlady was an old maid. She was a person of uncertain means and temper. I had been drinking most brutally for a long period, and would, no doubt, have been put out of my boarding house unceremoniously, but for Miss C.'s consideration of my mother, for whom she seemed to have a genuine affection. I had never had any words with her. It was known, at the time, that I had but recently met with several business reverses, and was unusually "hard up."

'I had been on one of my cattle-trading trips; and, upon my return, was regaling "the boys" with a little up-country gossip and some hot rum,—for they all laughed at my jokes when my money was buying the drinks. I remember it was about eleven o'clock at night. The whole scene comes back to me now; the hot rum-and-water-laden air; the corpulent stove, red with rage and energy, and the steaming calves of the countrymen who stood near it. There the scene ends. When I slowly awoke, or recovered consciousness, it was still dark, but I felt that I was in a strange place. Something, a certain subtle, inner consciousness that goes on recording our actions when the brain itself is incapacitated, seemed striving to tell me that some awful disaster had befallen me. I started up and stood upon the floor. It was hard and cold. An awful shudder ran over me. I [illegible] of my room at once—stone wall

'I was thoroughly terrified. [illegible] used against you."

'A great dread sat, like a [illegible] my heart. I begged him to explain. Anything but that awful suspense!

'Then he told me I had murdered Miss C.

'My trial was put down for a date about a month away, and my angel mother secured the ablest counsel in the country to defend me; but, best of all, she came to me in my agony and put her hand upon my forehead, and then kissed me and told me that she believed me innocent. How she could logically do it, with evidence enough against me to damn an angel, I do not know, but she did it with her woman's heart, and her woman's heart broke when, at length, the jury told her she had been mistaken.

'Gentlemen,' resumed Barclay, after a pause, 'I used to believe all lawyers rascals until that time. But the way that man worked for me was nothing short of sublime. He labored with me day in and day out, morning, noon and night, striving by all means known to philosophy, science and practice, to recover from the sensitive plates of my memory the pictures printed on them by a rum-enfeebled spirit between the hours of eleven p.m., and two a.m. on the night of the murder. But it was of no use. Evidently the films of memory had been temporarily desensitized by the stupefying influence of the alcohol. Anyway, nothing could bring the dreaded pictures of that awful period to the surface.

'I shall not bore you with the harassing details of the trial. It was shown, however, that I had been discovered in Miss C's room. I was on the floor, in a drunken sleep, when the officers arrived, and was completely dressed, even to my overcoat and hat. Near my right hand, as if I had but recently relaxed my hold upon it, lay my pistol. One of the cartridges had been discharged, and the bullet found in Miss C's body fitted the empty shell.

'My lawyer used to come to my cell and implore me to use every trick and device that I knew of to bring back the chain of events of that fateful night, but I could only gaze at him stupidly. So far I could go, but no further. At a certain point, the cloud of oblivion would drop before my mind, and I could not peretrate it. I thought that, by thinking with great rapidity, and running with exact sequence along the chain of occurrences leading up to a certain hour, the mental momentum thus acquired might carry me through the realms of my mental darkness. But it was without avail. You can drive a horse at a furious rate right up to the brink of a lake, but there he will stop, and not budge an inch further; and the blackness of the lake in front of him is no blacker than the blackness of that hell-born period of five or six hours of oblivion that confronted me. O, the helplessness of it all! I used to sit and watch my lawyer fight against such overwhelming odds that the admiration I felt for his skill would, at times, so absorb me that I forgot the part I was taking in the awful tragedy.

'To make a long story short, the case finally went to the jury. You have seen the newspaper clippings. The verdict killed my mother, who had never once left my side during the trial, except at night—and then only to resume her place the first thing in the morning. She had been hoping against hope. When mother dropped dead, I offered a silent prayer of gratitude that she had not lived to witness the last act.

'On the morning of the twenty-first, as the clipping says, I was brought before the judge, an old friend of my father, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. Gentlemen, there's an experience not many ever had and lived to tell of it. I tell you, words are feeble when one tries to describe it.

'Talk about timely rescues in the dramas—all nicely planned to occur with the regularity of clockwork—why, they actually had that awful black cap drawn over my face, and the noose adjusted before the Governor's "stay" arrived. I heard a commotion in the crowd and wondered rather impatiently what the delay was about. Then hands removed the cap and noose, and I was led back to my cell. I was too astonished to speak, and no one vouchsafed an explanation. When I reached my cell and sat upon my bed, I couldn't realize what had occurred, and pinched myself to [illegible] whether I were really there, or my spirit had come back to haunt the place.

'Presently the head jailer came to me and told me that a fire had taken place in the neighborhood the night before, in which two strange men were so badly burned that death was but a matter of hours with them. One of the men, when he was told that he could not live, sent for the minister and confessed to having committed the murder I had been convicted of. His story, which was subsequently confirmed by the other burglar, was, substantially, that they had come to our town in quest of proper prey. They had learned that Miss C. had many well-to-do boarders in her house, some of whom carried money with them in large amounts, and they had determined to rob the house. The hour was late, and the night very tempestuous and black—the very elements seeming to favor the wicked purpose of those men. Their plan was to go first to Miss C.'s room and secure the keys of the house, after which they could loot at leisure. Accidentally, however, they awakened the landlady, who immediately set up such an unearthly screaming that it was found necessary to despatch her without more ado. One shot was enough for the dastardly purpose, and the poor old creature, who had never done any other harm than ask for her just dues, went quickly 'over the river.' The robbers then paused for a moment to ascertain if any one in the house had been aroused by the shot. Concluding finally that the storm had drowned the report of the pistol, they determined to leave at once, as the murder had so unnerved them that they had no thought of theft, but cared only to get away. As they were going out, however, they discovered a man lying in the hall at the landing, near Miss C.'s door, in a drunken stupor. Then it occurred to them to drag the man noiselessly into her room, and leave him there with a pistol on the floor near his hand. Their motive in doing this was to divert suspicion from themselves, as they were strangers in the place. When they discovered that I had a pistol in my pocket similar to their own, they exchanged cartridges; hence the empty shell in mine.

'On my release from prison, I was met by my old enemy, who exclaimed: "Mighty close shave you had, my lad, but don't be discouraged—keep right on as you have been doing and you will get there, I don't know but we ought to swing you, anyhow; for, if you didn't kill one, you certainly did the other."

'Gentlemen, that is my story.'

Barclay paused, and we all sat silent. Presently he said:

'I know there's one question you all want to ask. You want to know what I've got in my hat that had such a startling effect upon me. I will tell you what it is—it's a picture—it's not that of mother nor my sweetheart, but'—and he held his hat inside turned toward us.

There was a picture there, one that caused us all to shudder. It was the picture of a gallows.

Todd extended his hand.

'The deal is on,' he said.

Royal Toasts in Water.

It will be remembered that some time ago King Edward issued a notice to the effect that officers in the Army and Navy might drink the Royal toasts in water, if they preferred.

The Kaiser has now followed the example of his uncle, and announced that officers of the German Army are under no compulsion to drink toasts in alcohol.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIM[illegible] A [illegible]-roure Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index [illegible]

[illegible]

N.B.—Premiums, Clubs and other special subscription offers are not available for the City of Montreal and Suburbs.

HOUSEHOLD.

Love's Easter.

The comfort of the Easter Day
Comes not alone to those who lay
Their loved ones down with sealed eyes
But to those hearts whose restless moan
To sleep beneath the bending skies,
Tells of sweet hopes too swiftly flown—
Of friends, who tossed love's costly flower
Aside—the bauble of an hour,
And left us, while they yet remain
A legacy of ceaseless pain.
By these sad graves through darkened days.
A tender, white-robed angel stays
To roll the stone, that we may see
Love crowned with immortality.

—Ellen M. Comstock.

Ten Commandments for the Mother.

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint your mother love. Tenderness is not effieminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny, bright, glad childhood is a blessing for the whole life.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows and pains of child life. Nothing wounds a child more than to find ridicule where it looked for sympathy.
9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And yet do not weaken your vitality by giving away to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.
10. Do not forget the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, vigor; of finally letting him live his own life freely and in his own way. Your pay you have had in advance, for your sorrowing was happiness and your sacrificing joy.— Translated for 'Harper's Bazar' from 'Die Illustrirte Frauenzeitung.'

A Helpful Home.

At first it was only a plan, talked of one afternoon as a group of girls were chatting together. They had been discussing their plans for the future, and presently the brown-eyed girl began to speak:

'I would like to have a home of my own some day,' she said, 'just a nice, cozy home; then I would lend it to other people.'

'Lend it to other people—what a queer idea,' chorused her companions in surprise; 'how could you do that?'

'Why, this way,' she explained. 'I would have a pretty sitting-room for tired mothers, a dainty dining-room in which to give pleasant little teas, and a spare room for visitors who needed a change occasionally. Yes, I have it all planned out now, even to the ones I would invite.'

'Then count us among the number,' remarked her friends, smiling at the novel idea, and after a little more talk the group separated.

Years passed by; they were separated in a wider sense, and in the meantime some of them had realized their wishes and some had not; but among the former was the brown-eyed girl. She had become the happy mistress of a little home, and the plan formed in her girlhood days was not forgotten. Her resources, however, were limited, for the house contained only six rooms; but to each careful thought had been given, and though plainly furnished, they were beautiful with the true beauty of simplicity. Frequently, too, were they 'lent,' even as their owner had planned in former times.

Yet it was not from the circle of her intimate friends that her guests were most often chosen. The little hostess reasoned that they had comfortable homes of their own and did not need help. But there were others, so many others, whose lives seemed but a round of toil amid surroundings where beauty was unknown, even though hearts and minds craved for it.

'They have such hard lives,' the little woman observed sympathetically, 'and have to live in such ugly houses. Perhaps a few hours spent in another home would help them a little. I mean to try the plan, anyway.'

So she set to work; and thus it came to pass that there were many pleasant gatherings in the small house on the hill. Sometimes only one guest would be present, sometimes two; but never more than three or four at once.

Perhaps the visitor would be a weary mother who was asked to spend an afternoon in the bright sitting-room (parlor there was none) among the books and flowers. Or else two old friends would be bidden and then left for a cozy chat together. Again, the guest would be a homeless woman, a dweller in boarding houses, and for a time she would have a glimpse of real home life.

Tired workers, too, worn out in mind and body, were welcomed cordially, and for them the hostess would play sweet, restful music. She was not a skilled musician, but from her small organ she could draw forth the old, old melodies which after all are best. And thus many different people, different creeds and classes, but all one in their human needs, found a refuge in her home; and wisely she ministered unto them, carrying out her plan of simple kindness.

All, however, was done quietly, and never was there any special effort made at entertaining. She considered her own family worthy of the best she could give, and her guests fared as they did. Yet, in a small house on a small income, she helped more than those whose riches were great; and through her influence many a life was brightened, many a heart strengthened and comforted.

True, it required much unselfish effort, for her household cares were many and there were no servants to share them. But she gave herself and her home freely to the cause. She was a woman who wanted to help and who did so, realizing thus her girlhood's dream. And in its simplicity and its helpfulness, does it not offer an example many might follow?—The 'Interior.'

How to Prevent Consumption.

Consumption (with other forms of tuberculosis) causes one death in every eight in this country. Of all deaths in the Dominion, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, nearly one-half are due to consumption.

It gives rise to a vast amount of suffering and permanent ill-health. It is calculated that in Canada, at the present moment, between 30,000 and 40,000 persons are suffering from it.

The disease is preventable.

Consumption is contracted by taking into the system, chiefly by inhalation, the germ or microbe of the disease. The invasion of the system by the tubercle bacillus or germ may be induced by a great variety of conditions, such as living in overcrowded, ill-ventilated, dark, dirty rooms; insufficient or bad food; alcoholism and other forms of dissipation; infectious fevers, or other illness; by anything which enfeebles the constitution and thus impairs its power of resistance. The germ is contained in the dust particles of the dried spit of the consumptive, and in the minute droplets sprayed into the atmosphere by the consumptive in coughing.

These germs are only derived from persons suffering from consumption, or some other form of tuberculosis. They are found in vast numbers in the phlegm, spit, or expectoration of a consumptive person.

In a moist state this expectoration does not infect the air, excepting by the sprayed droplets in coughing, but if allowed to dry and become dust it is exceedingly dangerous, and is then a means by which the disease is spread from person to person.

The best place for a consumptive is a sanatorium. If this is impracticable, he must sleep in a separate bedroom.

PRECAUTIONS.—It is essential for the protection of their own families, and to prevent the spread of the disease among the general public, that the following simple precautions be taken by consumptive persons:.

The consumptive person must not expectorate about the house, nor on the floor of any cab, omnibus, street-car, railway carriage or other conveyance. Spitting about the streets, or in any public buildings (churches, schools, theatres, railway stations, etc., is a dangerous as well as a filthy habit.

The consumptive person must not expectorate anywhere except into a cup or small spittoon kept for the purpose, and containing a little water.

When out of doors, a small, wide-mouthed bottle with a well-fitting cork, or a pocket spittoon, which may be obtained from any chemist, should be used.

The expectoration must be washed into a drain, buried in the earth, or thrown into the fire.

The cup or spittoon must then be kept in boiling water for ten minutes before being thoroughly cleaned.

When not provided with a proper spittoon, a consumptive person must not spit into a handkerchief, but into a piece of rag or paper, which must be burnt.

Handkerchiefs which may have been used of necessity should be boiled half an hour before washing.

Consumptive persons must not swallow their phlegm, as, by so doing, the disease may be conveyed to parts of the body not already affected.

A consumptive person must not kiss, or be kissed, on the mouth.

A consumptive person, when coughing, should always hold a handkerchief in front of his mouth, and avoid coughing in the direction of another person.

General Precautions to be observed:—

Live as much as possible in the open air.

All rooms occupied by consumptive persons should be as well lighted and ventilated as possible. Fresh air, light and sunshine are most important preventives of consumption. It is not safe for a healthy person to share a bedroom with a consumptive.

No chimney should ever be blocked up, and windows should be kept open.

Cleanliness and good sanitary surroundings are important, both for the prevention and for the cure of consumption.

Wet dusters must be used to wipe up the dust on the floor, furniture, woodwork, etc., and must afterwards be boiled. Tea leaves used on the floor should afterwards be burnt. Do not chase dust about or stir it up.

Milk, especially that used for children and invalids, should be boiled or sterilized. Meat should be well cooked.

A room which has been occupied by a consumptive should not be used again until it has been thoroughly cleaned. In the event of a death from consumption, advice may be sought from the local sanitary authority.—'Presbyterian.'

As a Tired Mother.

'As a tired mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted,
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please
him more;
So nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what
we know.'

—Longfellow.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

My Share.

I have no lands, I have no gold;
Fame's way my footsteps miss;
But I've my baby girl to hold,
My little lad to kiss.

To helpful heights I may not reach,
Or tides of error stay;
Be mine the sweeter task, to teach
Their unstained lips to pray.
—A. Matson Osson, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Home-made Liniments.

It is difficult to find a liniment that will be of more general usefulness than simple camphorated oil or camphor liniment as it is often called, says the New York 'Farmer.' It is valuable for rubbing on the outside of the throat or on the chest as a gentle stimulant, or it may be used in case of chronic rheumatism, where it must be applied with friction to give relief. It may be purchased of the druggist, or it may be prepared at home by dissolving one ounce of gum camphor in four fluid ounces of olive oil. In case of a severe cold, a piece of flannel dipped in camphor liniment and heated and laid over the chest under a layer of cotton batting will seldom fail to bring relief to a little child or even to an older person. Ammonia liniment is a more powerful stimulant to the skin. It is made by mixing half an ounce of spirits of ammonia with an ounce of olive oil and shaking in a bottle until they are mixed. Apply it with the palm of the hand, using abundant friction.

The bank-note without a signature at the bottom is nothing but a worthless piece of paper. The stroke of a pen confers on it all its value. The prayer of a poor child of Adam is a feeble thing in itself, but, once endorsed by the hand of the Lord Jesus, it availeth much.—Bishop Ryle.

Drugs in Headache.

It may be said, with little fear of contradiction from those who know the facts, that if a cast-iron law forbidding the use of any drug whatever in the treatment of headache could be enacted and enforced, there would be much less misery for the coming generation than there is for this.

A sufferer from repeated headaches, who has found a means of relief in 'headache powders,' or other even less harmful drug may dispute this assertion, but the victims of some drug habit or the friends of one whose heart, poisoned by acetanid or anti-pyrin, has suddenly ceased to beat before its time, will look at the matter from another point of view entirely.

During the Spanish war numbers of would-be recruits were rejected because of a weak heart; and in the epidemic of pneumonia which ravaged the country last winter an unusual number of deaths occurred from failure of the heart to meet the added strain.

Although various causes have doubtless been at work to weaken the hearts of the present generation, there can be no question that one potent influence has been the indiscriminate use of headache powders. In all cases of habitual headache recurring periodically a physician must of course be consulted that he may find the cause,—eye-strain, disease in the ears, nose, stomach or other more distant organ,—and remove it if possible. But the separate attacks of headache have to be relieved, if very severe; and in these cases it is better not to resort to drugs, unless the drugs are taken under the special guidance of the physician. In the congestive headache, marked by throbbing and made worse by stooping or lying down, a cold towel or an ice bag, applied to the head, a hot water bag to the spine, a mustard plaster to the thighs, or a hot mustard foot bath—one or more—will often give relief when many drugs fail.

In the anemic form of headache, marked by pallor, in which the pain is made less severe by lying down, massage of the head or the application of warm cloths to the head and face will often be found grateful. A threatened bilious headache may sometimes be warded off by a dose of Epsom salts, as may other headaches due to disorders of the stomach; and one due to overuse of the eyes or eye strain will usually, if taken at the moment of the first warning, be arrested or mitigated, by closing the book and going for a walk.—'Youth's Companion.'

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Household Hints.

Stewed fruit is most delicious when the sugar is boiled with the water for ten minutes before the fruit is added.

It is affirmed that cereals with eggs or vegetable oil furnish all the food elements necessary to sustain a man with health, no matter how laborious his occupation.

To prevent a musty odor in seldom-used teapots, put a lump of sugar within, and it will absorb all dampness. It is understood that the teapot is first carefully cleaned. A little soda or scouring soap will remove any discoloration from one made of china, and these are best to use.

Lace, scrim, or other thin curtains should be washed with little rubbing, and so died as not to require ironing. Make a suds of two pailfuls of soft water, to which a teaspoonful of powdered borax has been added. Have the curtains soaking in a tub of cold water, wring from this, and wash through the suds. If several pairs of curtains are to be washed, the suds will have to be changed. Use no bluing, but a small quantity of starch in the last rinse. Wring out and spread on a sheet on the floor straightening out all the edges. Pin down firmly every two or three inches.—'Country Gentleman.'

The Celebrated English Cocoa

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Selected Recipes.

GREEK PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk with a saltspoonful of salt, a piece of cinnamon stick and three ounces of sugar; strain it when cold and mix with two or three well-beaten eggs. Pour it into a pie dish, cover the top with slices of brown bread buttered on both sides and cut into triangular pieces; arrange them so that they look well on the pudding; the point of one should overlap the slice under it. Bake in a slow oven and serve with warm maple syrup in a sauce boat.

ROLLED BEEF STEAK.—Take a large, tender steak, bone it, and scatter over it bits of butter, salt and pepper, a very little sage, a very small onion chopped fine. Over that spread out a thick layer of mashed potato as left from dinner. Roll the steak tight, and cord it all round. Put it in a pan with a cup of nice stock or brown gravy, with a little sauce or catsup. Turn and baste till cooked and brown.

CHICKEN AND PARSNIPS.—Parboil the parsnips. Split a young chicken down the back, and lay it in a dripping pan, the bony side down. Drop over the chicken some bits of butter, and lay round it several small slices of salt pork. Cut each parsnip in two, sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour, and lay them round the chicken. Add a very little water, and bake till chicken and parsnips are brown.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

List of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award

for the week ending Saturday, March 31.

Monday, March 26th.—J. C. Clark, Sarnia, Ont.	$2.55
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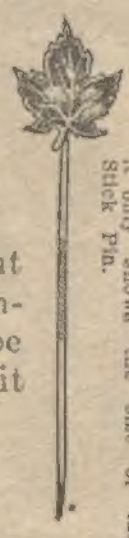
Wednesday, March 28th.—Horace Foster, Brampton, Ont	3.30
Thursday, March 29th.—Jas. Davidson, St. Raymond, Que..	3.75
Friday, March 30th.—Geo. Holmes, Walhalla, N.D...	3.30
Saturday, March 31st.—C. Vermilyea, Manitou, Man..	2.00

THE MAPLE LEAF

FOR EVER AND EVERYONE

This cut gives no idea of the color and beauty of the original, it only shows the size of the Brooch Pin.

The happy suggestion that everyone, old and young, throughout the Dominion should wear a Maple Leaf on Empire Day and Dominion Day, is gaining ground like wild-fire, and you will not want to be without one. If you get our Maple Leaf Pin you will be proud of it as well as of the day you celebrate.



This cut gives no idea of the color and beauty of the original, it only shows the size of the Stick Pin.

DAY OR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BADGES AND PINS

greatly increase the esprit de corps—the fellowship of the members of any class or school. Nothing could be more appropriate than our fine colored hard enamel Canadian Maple Leaves. These are exceedingly dainty and pretty and would serve to pin on a small silk Union Jack for Empire Day, a badge bearing the arms of your Province for Dominion Day, and scholars will find it the right thing to hold their school or class colors safe and fast.

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The price for these brooch or stick or cravat pins ranges in the city stores from twenty-five to thirty cents, but we are able to send these pins postpaid for the remarkably low price of twenty cents each, because, knowing that thousands of our readers will want them, we have made special arrangements with the largest manufacturers to supply their needs. Each person who remits for a pin is entitled to order the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one month free trial to any single address they like in the Dominion.

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Send twenty cents for a sample stick pin or brooch pin and we will promptly send it to you—then call a meeting of the boys and girls at recess—show them your pin and tell them that

IN ORDERS OF TEN OR MORE THEY ARE ONLY TEN CENTS EACH

and that if they will each pay you ten cents for a pin or brooch we will send them promptly, and in quantities we will include with each pin a silk Union Jack to wear with the pin on Empire Day, a silk badge bearing their Provincial Coat of Arms for Dominion Day, and that besides all this we will send the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one month free of all charge to each one of the class whose name is sent us with the order as having bought a pin -the pins and brooches will, however, all be sent in one package registered to the address of the one remitting the money. Act promptly. Don't let your school be behind in this important matter.

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All We Ask

is a test, A TEST AT OUR RISK. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust TO THE POWER of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of HONOR AND GRATITUDE. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for the lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know Vitæ-Ore will help, we know we will get our pay and so we take the risk.

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Read This Liberal

Thirty-Day Trial Offer

IF YOU ARE SICK we want to send you a $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, the great healer from the earth's veins, enough for 30 days' use, post-paid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next thirty days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes to insure for you new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O has benefited you. Read what Vitæ-Ore is, and write to-day for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

IF

you are sick or suffering from any of the following-named disorders, in all of which Vitæ-Ore is of special value, don't let another day go by before you send for a trial package.

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READ WHAT VITÆ-ORE IS

Vitæ-Ore in its original condition is an ore-substance—a combination of minerals—mined from the ground—from the EARTH'S VEINS. It contains Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, three properties which are most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package (one ounce) of the ORE, when mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative value nearly 500 gallons of the most powerful mineral waters of the globe, drank fresh at the springs. The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's noted healing and mineral springs their curative virtue come from the rock or MINERAL ORE through which water percolates its way to its outlet, only a very small proportion of the medicinal power in the ORE being thus assimilated with or absorbed by the liquid stream. The rock contains the much-desired medicine, the water serves as the conveyance to carry but a small part of its properties to the outer world. Vitæ-Ore is a combination of these medicine-bearing minerals, powdered and pulverized, and partly soluble in water, the addition of which makes the health-giving liquid drink. It is the marvel of the century for curing disease, as thousands testify, and as no one will deny after using. VITÆ-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and reaches such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine it is possible to procure. If yours is such a case, do not doubt, do not hesitate, do not delay, but SEND FOR A PACKAGE TO-DAY!

It is Different

from anything ever before offered, from other treatments you have used, **as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle.** It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth, and **acts** in a different way. It is different from all others and can be **differently offered** to those in need—**on trial, the user to be the judge**—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy. Send for a dollar package to-day and test it at our risk. Do not delay, but do it to-day.

Rheumatism For 40 Years.

NOW PERMANENTLY CURED.

TARBROOK MINES, NOVA SCOTIA.

I am over seventy years of age and have been troubled with Rheumatism for about forty years more than half of my lifetime. For years also my Liver has been torpid and sluggish and my Digestion bad.

During all this time I tried many so-called remedies, but with no permanent relief. About one year ago I saw an advertisement of Vitæ-Ore, a remedy I had never before used, and I sent for a package on trial, as advertised. The trial package gave me such beneficial results that I concluded to give it a thorough trial, to see if it would not entirely cure me.

After taking three more packages, or four altogether, I now feel strong and hearty with every pain removed from my body. It is over a year since I first tried Vitæ-Ore, so that I have had ample time to judge of the value of my cure, and I heartily recommend Vitæ-Ore to every ailing person as a Godsend to humanity.

Kezia Rand.

Was Badly Crippled.

Goes Back to Work After using Three Packages.

STURGEON FALLS, ONT.

When I first started to use Vitæ-Ore, I could not lift my hands to my face, I was so badly crippled. Shortly after I began its use I commenced to improve; in about fifteen days I could walk about and climb the stairs, which I had not done for weeks. Before finishing the third package I had gone back to my work and am still working and feeling better than I have for years, in fact I have never felt better in my life.

I had tried much medicine, from doctors both in Canada and the States, but all failed me. It was a lucky day for me that a neighbor, who had been using Vitæ-Ore, told me about it and advised me to try it. I thank God for the good it has done me.

Jas. Slack.

OWES HIS LIFE TO VITÆ-ORE

I owe to Vitæ-Ore that I am alive to-day. For eight years I suffered from **Kidney trouble**, and I can honestly say that I never knew a well day. I became so bloated and fat that it was burdensome to me to make any exertion, and a continual pain about my **heart** never left me. It was impossible for me to lie on my left side. In addition to this I was tortured with **Rheumatic pains**, and even my **Digestive Organs were diseased**, acute attacks of cramps and neuralgic pains of the stomach being so severe as to threaten death.

Four years ago I was attacked with typhoid fever, and two doctors attended me. They broke the fever and treated me for other troubles, but I became weaker and weaker, and every one thought me past recovery. My family would not give up hope, but persuaded me to try **Vitæ-Ore**. I began taking it, and the result which they predicted came about. I began to improve at once, and became in the course of a few months a well man, and have continued so ever since. I am able to do the hardest kind of manual labor. My heart never gives me any uneasiness and my cramps, pains and fat are things of the past.

A. T. SIGSTAD, Covina, Cal.

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WE DON'T CARE if you are **skeptical**, we care not if you have **no confidence**, it makes **no difference** if you give no **credence or belief**, it matters not even if you **lack hope**. It takes **only a trial**—all we ask. It will do the work—it cannot help doing it. Its substances come from out the ground, **from the earth's veins**, the dust out of which man was first made, and it **flows like fire** through the veins of the sufferer, the sick and the needy, curing whether the user believes in it or does not believe. If you need it, if you are suffering for it, wasting away day by day, for lack of that **help and health** which it can bring to you, **send for it to-day!** It will not cost you **one single penny** if it does not help. Nothing to begin with, **nothing at any time** if you are not satisfied. **You are to be the Judge!** Address,

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